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## BUSINESS CARDS.

O. P. S. PLUMMER, M. D.,  
Physician and Surgeon.

ALBANY, OREGON.

OFFICE ON MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE  
Settlement's Drug Store. Residence, on the  
corner of Washington and Sixth streets, adjoining  
the U. P. Church.

D. B. RICE, M. D.,

Surgeon and Physician,  
ALBANY, OREGON.

THANKFUL FOR THE LIBERAL PATRON-  
age received, continues to tender his services  
to the citizens of Albany and surrounding coun-  
try. Office and residence, on Second street, two  
blocks east of Springer's new Hotel. v3n37f

J. QUINN THORNTON,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

Will practice in the superior and inferior Courts  
of Oregon. Office up stairs in Foster's fire-proof  
block, nearly opposite the post office.  
Albany, Nov. 2, 1867-v3n12f

JOHN J. WHITNEY,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC,  
ALBANY, OREGON.

Office up stairs in Foster's Frame Building,  
opposite the "State Rights Democrat" Office.  
v3n33f

F. M. WADSWORTH,  
SIGN, CARTRIDGE AND ORNAMENTAL  
PAINTER.

Over McBride's Wagon Shop, between First and  
Second, on Ferry street.  
First-class work done on short notice.  
[v3n19f]

N. H. CRANOR,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

OFFICE—In "Norcross" Brick Building, up stairs,  
Albany, Oregon.

W. J. HUBBARD, F. M. REDFIELD.

MILITABIDE & CO.,  
DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND PROVI-  
sions, Wood and Willow Ware, Confection-  
ery, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Notions, etc. Store  
on Main street, adjoining the Express office, Al-  
bany, Oregon. v3n38f

BENJ. HAYDEN,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Will attend to all business entrusted to him by  
citizens of Polk and adjoining counties.  
Eola, July 26, 1867. v2n51f

N. B. HUMPHREY,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC,  
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Office in the Court House. v3n30f

J. C. POWELL,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

ALBANY, Oregon. Collections and convey-  
ances promptly attended to. v3n30f

FRANK DALTON,  
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AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office in Foster's Brick, 1st street, Albany, Oregon.  
febr12n24f

Z. BARROWS, L. BLAIR, S. E. YOUNG.

J. BARROWS & CO.,  
GENERAL & COMMISSION MERCHANTS

DEALERS in Staple, Dry and Fancy Goods,  
Groceries, Hardware, Cutlery, Crockery,  
Books and Shoes, Albany, Oregon.  
Consignments solicited. v3n38f

E. F. RUSSELL,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

Solicitor in Chancery and Real Estate Agents,  
Will practice in the Courts of the Second, Third,  
and Fourth Judicial Districts, and in the Supreme  
Court of Oregon.  
Offices in Parlin's Brick Building, Albany, Ore-  
gon.

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to the  
collection of Claims at all points in the above named  
Districts. v2n49f

G. W. GRAY, D. D. S.,  
GRADUATE OF THE CINCINNATI DENTAL COLLEGE.

Would invite all persons desir-  
ing first-class dental operations to  
give him a call. The Doctor makes  
many new and improved styles of  
plates for artificial teeth. Among others he would  
solicit particular attention to vulcanite base  
in connection with gold wire gauze (a superior work  
in many respects), and a new improvement (late-  
ly patented by Dr. Cool), which consists in lining  
the entire concave surface of the plate with fine  
gold. This style of plate admits of a very fine  
finish, and in its use there is no disagreeable  
blackening and roughening by tobacco smoke and  
other deleterious agents (as is the case with ordi-  
nary vulcanite work). It can be made much this  
style and adds very materially to its strength and  
durability. The extra expense is trifling in com-  
parison to the advantages it possesses. Persons  
would do well to give him a call. Office up stairs  
in Parlin's & Co.'s brick, Albany, Oregon.  
april16v3n38f

J. F. MCCOY,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

NOTARY PUBLIC,  
PORTLAND, OREGON.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE SEVERAL  
Courts of this City and State, and of Wash-  
ington Territory. All kinds of claims and demands,  
notes, bills, book accounts, subscriptions, etc.,  
collected on commission, by suit or solicitation.  
Real Estate bought and sold. Taxes paid.  
Buildings rented, and rents collected on com-  
mission.  
Titles to Real Estate searched, and abstracts  
made.

AGENT for the principal daily and weekly news-  
papers on the Pacific coast. Subscriptions and ad-  
vertisements solicited.

All collections promptly remitted.  
OCEAN—No. 95 Front street, Portland.  
v2n17f

BLANK DEEDS, of the latest and most  
approved form, for sale at this office. Warranty  
and Mortgage.

## STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1868.

NO. 46.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS. DUNNIWAY,

TAKE PLEASURE IN INFORMING HER  
patrons that she has received her license of  
**MILLINERY**

—AND—

**FURNISHING GOODS,  
DIRECT FROM NEW YORK!**

I am now ready to accommodate any of you  
with the  
**BEST AND LATEST STYLES,**

At the Most Reasonable Prices!

As Agent for Madame Demorest's Incomparable  
Mirror of Fashions, I am enabled to  
furnish gratis a copy of the Magazine  
for one year, beginning with the July  
number, to any person who  
shall purchase spring goods  
in my line to the  
amount of Ten  
Dollars!

Send in your orders at once, ladies, that I may  
know how many of you will give me the  
pleasure of presenting you a first-  
class Mirror Magazine  
as Premium on your  
purchases.

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF  
**Very Choice Millinery Goods!**

—AND ALL THE—  
**OTHER NOVELTIES OF THE SEASON!**

She has also secured the Agency of  
**Madame Demorest's World-Renowned Patterns,**

and all of the many useful and orna-  
mental articles advertised  
in her justly popu-  
lar Magazine.

COME LADIES! "all of you together," and  
see if I have not the  
**Cheapest and Choicest Millinery Goods!**

EVER OFFERED FOR SALE IN ALBANY!

**DRESS AND CLOAK-MAKING**  
In the Latest Styles!

**Perfect Fits Warranted.**

**BLEACHING AND PRESSING:**  
In the best manner at the very lowest rates.

**NEW STAMPING PATTERNS! BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS!**  
Don't forget the place. Southwest corner  
Main and Broad Albin streets, Albany  
March 30, 1868—v2n3v27f

**PACIFIC HOTEL.**  
THE UNDERSIGNED RESPECTFULLY  
informs the public that this House

**HAS JUST BEEN FINISHED,**  
—AND IS—  
**NOW OPEN**

for the accommodation of all who may  
favor him with their patronage.

**THE FURNITURE**  
is entirely new in every department,  
and is of the latest and  
most approved styles.

**THE TABLE**  
will always be supplied with the best the market  
affords, and no pains will be spared  
for the comfort and conve-  
nience of his guests.

Persons arriving by boat accommodated at all  
hours, day or night.  
Seats of rooms and superior accommodations for  
families.

A long experience in the business warrants  
the proprietor in promising satisfaction to all who may  
favor him with their patronage, if it can be done  
by thoughtfully supplied tables, pleasant rooms,  
cleanly beds and assiduous attention to their wants.

J. B. SPRENGER.  
Albany, June 6, 1868. v3n12f

**LOOK HERE!**  
Patronize Home Industry, and Save Money!

The undersigned, having opened a  
**TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT**

(On First street, north side, next door east  
from Washington), in Albany, takes  
this method of informing the  
public that he is  
prepared to

**MAKE, CUT, AND REPAIR CLOTHING!**  
—OF ALL KINDS—  
**IN THE LATEST STYLES!**

AND AT THE MOST REASONABLE RATES!  
v2n44f H. W. FARMER.

IRA A. MILLER. A. F. MILLER.

**MILLER & BRO.,**  
(Successors to Philip Miller.)

**MARBLE WORKS,**  
ALBANY, OREGON.

Shop on Washington, bet. 1st and 2d Sts.

THESE GENTLEMEN BEG LEAVE TO IN-  
form the public at large that they are now  
prepared to furnish

**MARBLE MONUMENTS**  
—AND—  
**GRAVE-STONES!**

OF EVERY STYLE AND PATTERN,  
**At the Most Reasonable Prices.**

**TOMBSTONES CUT TO ORDER**  
For the very shortest notice.

Mar17v3n39f MILLER & BRO.

## POETRY.

[From the Charleston (S. C.) Gazette.]

## DEATH.

Out of the shadows of sadness  
Into the sunshine of gladness  
Into the light of the Blest—  
Out of a land very dreary,  
Out of the world of the weary,  
Into the rapture of Rest.

Out of to-day's sin and sorrows,  
Into a blissful to-morrow,  
Into a day without gloom;  
Out of the land filled with sighing—  
Land of the dead and the dying—  
Into a land without tomb.

Out of a life of commotion,  
Tempest-swept off as the ocean,  
Dark with the wreck drifting o'er—  
Into a land calm and quiet;  
Never a storm cometh nigh it—  
Never a wreck on its shore.

Out of the land in whose bowers  
Perish and fade all the flowers—  
Out of the land of decay—  
Into the Eden where fairest  
Of flowers—and sweetest and rarest  
Never shall wither away.

Out of the world of the wailing,  
Throng'd with the anguish and ailing,  
Into the world of the sad—  
Into the world that rejoices—  
World of bright visions and voices—  
Into the world of the glad.

Out of a life ever mournful,  
Out of a land ever mournful,  
Where in bleak exile we roam—  
Into a joy land above us—  
Where there's a Father to love us—  
Into "Our Home—Sweet Home."

**MINE PIPE AND CUP.**  
Yon clouds are black above,  
Yon mud is black below,  
'Tis then that I do love  
A cloud of smoke to blow,  
I take my pipe and cup,  
And care not who do frown  
Upon my pipe and cup!

Mine flow, she scolds a bit  
When mine old pipe is seen,  
Because sometimes I spit  
Upon the floor so clean;  
But that is like the rain,  
It does not last away;  
She soon gets pleased again,  
And so I smoke away.

Oh! pipe mine pipe and cup,  
And pipe my smoking flow,  
Der smoke goes curling up,  
Almost as white as snow;  
Yon down the larger shillies,  
Yon like a loving kiss;  
Yon lingering on der lips;  
It is der soul of bliss.

**Bills on the Grasshopper.**  
The Bible sez "The grasshopper is a  
burden," and I never knew it tew say any-  
thing that wasn't so.

When the grasshopper begins tew live  
they are very small, but in a little while  
they gets tew plenty of them.

They only liv one year at once, and  
then go back and begin again.

Their best gait is a hop, and with  
the wind on their quarter they can make  
sum good time.

They are a sure crop to raise, but some  
years they raise more than others, I have  
seen some fields so full of them that you  
couldn't stick another grasshopper in,  
unless you sharpened him to a pint.

When they get tew very plenty they are  
very apt to start, and then they become  
a traveling famine, and leave the road they  
take as barren as the inside of a country  
church on a week day.

Grasshoppers don't seem to be actually  
necessary for our happiness, but they may  
be—we don't even know what we want  
most.

I don't want grasshoppers to give en-  
tirely out, not if they are a blessing, but  
I have thought, (to myself) if they  
would let grass and cornstalks be, and  
pitch into sage brush and thistles, jist to  
encourage the fight, I wouldn't care a  
cuss if they both got finally licked.

But my best judgment would be tew  
bet on the grasshoppers.

**WHAT A CLIMATE!**—Dan Marble was  
once strolling along the wharves in Bos-  
ton, when he met a tall, gaunt looking  
figure, a "digger" from California, and  
got into conversation with him.

Healthy climate, I suppose?

Healthy! it ain't anything else. Why,  
stranger, there you can choose any cli-  
mate that you like, hot or cold, and that  
two without travelin' more than 15 min-  
utes. Jest think o' that the next cold  
mornin' when you get out o' bed. There's  
mountain there, the Sary Navady they  
call it, with a valley on each side o' it,  
one hot and one cold. Well, get on the  
top o' that mountain with a double-bar-  
reled gun, and you can, without movin',  
kill either winter or summer game, jest  
as you will!

What! have you ever tried it?

Tried it I often; and should have done  
pretty well, but for one thing.

Well, what was that?

I wanted a dog that would stand both  
climates. The last dog I had froze his  
tail off while pintin' on the summer side.  
He didn't get entirely out of the winter  
side, you see—tues as you live.

Marble sloped.

In a certain family a pair of twins  
marked their appearance, and were shown  
to their little sister of four years. It  
happened that whenever a rather proli-  
fic cat of the household had kittens, the  
prettiest were saved, and the rest drowned.

When the twins were shown to the child,  
by her happy father, she looked at them  
earnestly, and at length, putting her lit-  
tle finger tip on the cheek of one of them,  
looked up and said, with all the serious-  
ness possible: "Papa, I think we'll  
save this one!"

**WHAT BUTLER DOES WITH HIS  
SPOONS.**—The extravagant distribution  
of spoons and silver plate, by the numer-  
ous Gift Enterprises throughout the  
country, can be accounted for in no other  
way, than that they are "in with" the  
Boss Impeacher, and receive their sup-  
plies from that quarter.

A Dutch woman desired to advertise  
her pony which had lost himself mit a tail  
frisky ver much, and strike ver hard mit  
his hind fists.

Let cynics say what they will, man is  
not vindictive. He has for years been  
subjected to the daily tor-  
ture of wearing the hat, and we  
have even preserved the name of the  
wretch who invented it.

## Ehlenburg—A Legend.

On a high rock, overlooking  
the Rhine, the river of legends, stood the  
half castle, half fortress of Ehlenburg,  
which, with its high and gloomy battle-  
mounds, seemed to pierce the very clouds.  
Its dungeon and keeper were said to be  
the strongest in Germany, and indeed, it  
was so, for it could be only accessible  
from one point, which was a narrow path,  
where but one man could walk at a time.

The owner and Governor of this castil-  
led fortress was Sir John Virnich, a  
haughty, overbearing man, subject at  
times, to fits of the most violent passions,  
which at one time, led him to commit a  
crime of the most horrible nature, which  
formed the legend connected with the  
old ruins that now stand gazing gloomily,  
as it were, upon the passing steamboats  
bearing parties of tourists up the Rhine.

Sir John was a widower, his wife hav-  
ing died of a broken heart, after giving  
birth to a daughter three years after mar-  
riage. This daughter, the Lady Isadore,  
though treated severely by her father,  
grew up with all the beauty which en-  
hances the fair sex within man's eye.

She had a lover; what young girl of sev-  
enteen has not? He was Captain of the  
Guards belonging to the Castle; a young  
man of low birth, though gifted with a  
fine education and some personal beauty,  
which together with his skill and powers  
in the time of war, had won him the  
name of "The Falconer." He was in-  
deed worthy of the maiden's admiration.

Marce Van Schrotter, for such was his  
name—with his laurels fresh on his brow  
was invited to Court, and while there,  
saw and became enamored of the Lady  
Isadore, who was then with her father,  
attending Court for the first time.

Sir John pleased with Marce, offered him  
the captaincy in his guards, which was  
then vacant, and he, to be near the Lady  
of his heart, accepted the office, and he  
was soon installed within the castle walls.

The Lady Isadore, after hearing her  
father speak of his feats of arms, be-  
came interested in him, and having by  
chance met him several times while tak-  
ing her morning walks upon the parapet,  
the interest ripened into love, and they  
secretly betrothed themselves to each other.

When, one evening, Sir John invited  
Marce to take supper with them. The  
meal was spread within the left wing of  
the castle, in a lofty hall, the walls of  
which were decorated with ancient suits  
of arms, while the panels between were  
all hung with the well dressed head and  
horns of a sturdy deer. At one end of  
the hall, set deep within the wall, was a  
capacious fire-place, well filled with oak-  
en logs, which, as the nights were chilly,  
Sir John had ordered the servants to  
light, and it threw a cheerful light  
upon the table and its surroundings.

At a beautifully spread board were  
seated Sir John, Marce and the Lady  
Isadore; the supper was over and the  
wine circulated freely around. Ladies  
were not so chary of its use in those  
days. And the old knight, made merry  
by the copious draughts of Rhenish he  
had used to wash down his food, cracked  
his jokes, sang and laughed as only an  
old man and a soldier can laugh. At  
last, perceiving that the fire, which ere  
now was burning cheerfully had nearly  
disappeared, he asked Marce to rouse it  
up, he, willing to oblige, arose, but find-  
ing nothing wherewith to rake the ashes,  
drew his sword, and with it coaxed the  
stubborn fire to blaze.

At the moment he heard his name  
called in tones of thunder by Sir John;  
forgetting that he had been called, leav-  
ing his sword still in the fire, he ad-  
vanced toward Sir John. There he  
stood, clutching his daughter tightly by  
the arm, his face all distorted by passion.

"Sirrah!" he cried as Marce ap-  
proached, "dost thou love my daughter?"

Marce did not reply, but looked at  
Lady Isadore. She, alas! Poor girl! hav-  
ing never seen him in a merry mood be-  
fore—while Marce was engaged in ar-  
ranging the fire—she told her father of  
his love for her, and asked him to give  
his consent to their marriage. The re-  
sult was mentioned above.

"Sirrah!" shouted the enraged lord,  
"canst thou not speak? Answer me;  
dost thou love my daughter?"

The young man, boldly confronting  
him replied:

"Sir, I love your daughter—we are  
betrothed."

All the fury that ever entered into the  
soul of man was combined in Sir John's  
soul. He felt at his belt for the dagger  
he usually wore, he had laid it aside  
when about sitting down to supper; he  
looked around for some weapon with  
which to kill Marce; his gaze rest-  
ed on Marce's sword, which rested in  
the fire, the blade of which was nearly a  
red heat in his blind fury he thought  
not of his heat, but rushing upon Marce  
was about to plunge it in his body, when  
Isadore threw herself before her lover  
and received the fiery blade in her own  
pure breast. Sir John gazed but for one  
moment on the scene, and then, with the  
blood gushing from his mouth and nos-  
trils, fell to the floor.

When the retainers entered about an  
hour after, they found father and daughter  
dead, and Marce a gibbering maniac.  
The servants removed him to a safe asy-  
lum, where he shortly after died. The  
bodies of the father and daughter were  
buried among their ancestors in the chap-  
el, and Marce was yet said for the repose  
of their souls; but yet they did not rest,  
for often at night they are seen, the daughter  
pursuing the father, and making the  
most hideous lamentations. Such is the  
legend of Ehlenburg. If you go there  
now you will find remaining of that once  
lofty pile but old gray ruins.

Let cynics say what they will, man is  
not vindictive. He has for years been  
subjected to the daily tor-  
ture of wearing the hat, and we  
have even preserved the name of the  
wretch who invented it.

## A Floating City.

One of the most wonderful cities  
in the world is Bangkok, the capital of Siam.  
Did you ever witness such a sight in your  
life? On either side of the wide, majes-  
tic stream, moored in regular streets and  
alleys, extending as far as the eye can  
reach, are upwards of 70,000 neat little  
houses, each house floating on a compact  
raft of bamboos, and the whole interme-  
diate space of the river presents to our  
astonished gaze one dense mass of ships,  
junks and boats of every conceivable  
shape, color and size. As we glide  
amongst these we occasionally encounter  
a stray house broken loose from its moor-  
ings, and hurrying down the stream with  
the tide, amidst the uproar and shouts of  
the inhabitants and all the spectators.

We also noticed that all the front row  
of houses are neatly painted shops, in  
which various tempting commodities are  
exposed for sale, behind these again, at  
equal distances, rise the lofty, elegant  
porcelain towers of the various wares and  
temples. On our right hand side, as far  
as the eye can see, are three stately pil-  
lars, erected to the memory of three  
defunct kings, celebrated for some acts of  
valor and justice; and a little beyond  
this, looming like a line of battle ships  
amongst a lot of cockle-shells, rises the  
straggling and not very elegant palace of  
the King, where his Siamese Majesty,  
with ever so many wives and children,  
resides. Right ahead, where the city ter-  
minates, and the river, making a curve,  
flows behind the palace, is a neat looking  
fort, surmounted with a top of mangle  
trees, over which peep the roofs of two  
houses and a flag-staff, from which floats  
the royal pennant and the jack of Siam—  
a flag of red groundwork, with a white  
elephant worked in the centre. This is  
the fort and palace of the Prince Chou-  
ang King Siang, and one of the most ex-  
traordinary and intellectual men in the  
East. Oh him, however, we shall not  
hear more, after we have bunched  
our traps on shore and taken a little rest.

Now, be careful how you step out of the  
boat into the balcony of the floating  
house, for it will recede to the force of  
your effort to mount, and if not aware of  
this, you lose your balance and fall into  
the river. Now we are safely tranship-  
ped, for we cannot as yet say landed; but  
we now form an item, though a very  
small one, of the vast population of the  
city of Bangkok. We take a brief survey  
of our present apartments, and find ev-  
erything though inconveniently small,  
clean, and in other respects comfortable.

First we have a little balcony that over-  
hangs the river, and is about twenty yards  
long, by one and a half broad. Then  
we have an excellent sitting room, which  
serves us for a parlor, dining room and  
all; then we have a little side room for  
books and writing, and behind these, ex-  
tending the length of the other two, a  
bed room. Of course we must hang or  
make our own furniture; for though  
these houses are pretty well off, on this  
score the Siamese have seldom anything  
besides their bedding materials, a few  
pots and pans to cook with, a few jars  
of stores, and a few fishing nets. Every  
house has a canoe attached to it, and no  
nation detests watching so much as the  
Siamese; at the same time they are all  
expert swimmers, and both men and  
women begin to acquire this most neces-  
sary accomplishment at an early age.

Without it a man runs a momentary risk  
of being drowned, as, when a canoe ap-  
pears, none of the passers by ever think  
it necessary to lend any aid, supposing them-  
selves fully adequate to the task of saving their  
own lives. Canoes are being hourly up-  
set, owing to the vast concourse of vessels  
besides their bedding materials, a few  
pots and pans to cook with, a few jars  
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set, owing to the vast concourse of vessels  
besides their bedding materials, a few  
pots and pans to cook with, a few jars  
of stores, and a few fishing nets. Every  
house has a canoe attached to it, and no  
nation detests watching so much as the  
Siamese; at the same time they are all  
expert swimmers, and both men and  
women begin to acquire this most neces-  
sary accomplishment at an early age.

Without it a man runs a momentary risk  
of being drowned, as, when a canoe ap-  
pears, none of the passers by ever think  
it necessary to lend any aid, supposing them-  
s